Of your name, or his ſcape. *Enter* 2. *Friend.*
Iay. Pray heaven it hold ſo.
2. *Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
Good newes.
Iay. They are welcome,
2. *Fr.* *Palamon* has cleerd you,
And got your pardon, and diſcoverd (Daughters,
How, and by whoſe meanes he eſcapt, which was your
Whoſe pardon is procurd too, and the Priſoner
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
Has given a ſumme of money to her Marriage,
A large one ile aſſure you.
Iay. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good newes.
1. *Fr.* How was it ended?
2. *Fr.* Why, as it ſhould be; they that nev'r begd
But they prevaild, had their ſuites fairely granted,
The priſoners have their lives.
1. *Fr.* I knew t'would be ſo.
2. *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of
At better time.
Iay. I hope they are good.
2. *Fr.* They are honourable,
How good they'l prove, I know not.
Enter Wooer.
1. *Fr.* T'will be knowne.
Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?
Iay. Why doe you aske?
Woo. O Sir when did you ſee her?
2. *Fr.* How he lookes?
Iay. This morning. (ſhe ſleepe?
Woo. Was ſhe well? was ſhe in health? Sir, when did
1. *Fr.* Theſe are ſtrange Queſtions.
Iay, I doe not thinke ſhe was very well, for now
You make me minde her, but this very day
I ask'd her queſtions, and ſhe anſwered me
So farre from what ſhe was, ſo childiſhly.
So fillily, as if ſhe were a foole,

An Inocent, and I was very angry.
But what of her Sir? (as good by me
Woo. Nothing but my pitty; but you muſt know it, and
As by an other that leſſe loves her:
Iay. Well Sir.
1. *Fr.* Not right?
2. *Fr.* Not well? —— *Wooer,* No Sir not well.
Woo. Tis too true, ſhe is mad.
1. *Fr.* It cannot be.
Woo. Beleeve you'l finde it ſo.
Iay. I halfe ſuſpected
What you told me: the gods comfort her:
Either this was her love to *Palamon,*
Or feare of my miſcarrying on his ſcape,
Or both.
Woo. Tis likely.
Iay. But why all this haſte Sir?
Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,
From the far ſhore, thicke ſet with reedes, and Sedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voyce, a ſhrill one, and attentive
I gave my eare, when I might well perceive
T'was one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſſe of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his owne skill, came neere, but yet perceivd not
Who made the ſound; the ruſhes, and the Reeds
Had ſo encompaſt it: I laide me downe
And liſtned to the words ſhe ſong, for then
Through a ſmall glade cut by the Fiſher men,
I ſaw it was your Daughter.
Iay. Pray goe on Sir?
Woo. She ſung much, but no ſence; onely I heard her
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to'th wood to gather Mulberies,
Ile finde him out to morrow.
1. *Fr.* Pretty ſoule.
Woo. His ſhackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,